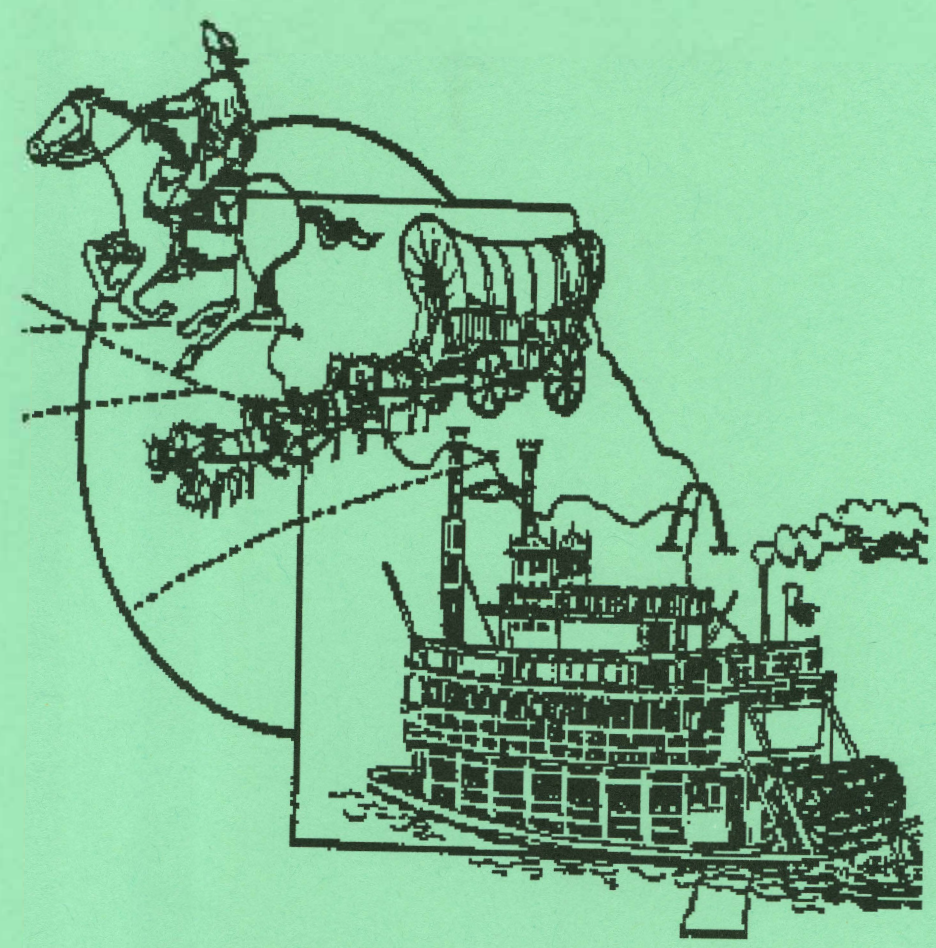

Toward The Setting Sun

2nd Series, Vol. 9, No. 2 Spring 2011

TOWARD THE SETTING SUN

The Historical Journal of the Missouri Conference

The United Methodist Church

Second Series

Volume 9 No. 2 Spring 2011

Table of contents

Introduction

An Early Methodist History of Independence, Missouri 1
Stephanie L. Moore

Missouri Methodism Reaches the World 13
Ivan Lee Holt

In Wesley's England 31
John O. Gooch

INTRODUCTION

In this mailing, you've received two issues of *Toward the Setting Sun.* The fall issue was delayed in preparation and printing, so we combined the two issues into one mailing to save costs. Thank you for your patience in receiving the fall issue.

The articles in this issue are a blend of old and new, in terms of our history. Stephanie Moore's article about the early days of Methodism in Independence takes us back almost to the beginning of our Missouri Methodist history. The article is of special interest to me because of the inclusion of my great-great-grandfather, who founded the class that became First Methodist Church, Independence. Stephanie is in her last semester at St. Paul School of Theology in Kansas City, and is working toward ordination. She has recently discovered a love for historical research and writing and we're grateful for her contributions.

Much newer is the article by Bishop Ivan Lee Holt. It was first presented as an historical lecture to the Missouri East Conference in 1962, and is reprinted from the Journal of that year. He begins with the trip that Bishop Marvin and Eugene Hendrix took around the world and then moves into his own world travels. The article is both illuminating in terms of world Methodism and a summary of Bishop Holt's career. I don't think I ever knew that he had held so many important offices for so many years. And yet, he could walk into small-town Methodist churches across Missouri and call dozens of people by their first names! He was truly a prince of the church.

Finally, in a moment of whimsy, I decided to include some notes on my own travels, in this case a brief look at some of Wesley's England. The key part of the article for me is the comment of our guide at Wesley's Chapel about how it was saved from the fire during the Blitz in World War II. Thank you for indulging me.

We are always looking for new writers and new topics. I have a short "wish list", if you'd like to write for us, but don't have a topic in mind. Or I'd be glad to help you think through your own topic and research. Just let me know at jogooch@aol.com.

John Gooch, Editor

An Early Methodist History of Independence, Missouri

Stephanie Moore

The history of Methodism in Jackson County, Missouri is rich and complex, and is best understood within its context of natural disasters, Indian treaties, trade, the westward trails, and the evolution of government and societies at large. The United States was an adolescent country when Missouri was accepted into the Union and fully recognized as a state in 1821. Many of the area's earliest inhabitants had lived through the Revolutionary War. Terms like freedom and independence were not abstract concepts to be imagined and defended. They were experiences carved into the character and resolve of the people.

Only six years after the state of Missouri was formed, when Kansas City was still wooded acreage occupied by indigenous tribes, the county of Jackson was formed and named after President Andrew Jackson for his successes in Indian removals.[1] The county was divided into three townships: Fort Osage (east), Kaw (west), and Blue (center). Kaw was named after the Kaw (Kansas) River, and Blue was named after the color of the waters that ran through the river.[2] Although a relatively successful history of trade between the native peoples and immigrant traders had existed for a century along the Missouri River, the influx of settlers, the staking and selling of land, and the signing of treaties by scarcely English-literate chiefs on behalf of and most likely unbeknownst to entire populations of tribes and peoples, fostered an environment for bitter animosities and waning relationships of trust. According to The History of Jackson County,

> By treaty with the Osage, Kansas and other tribes, the Indians' title to nearly all the territory of Missouri was extinguished in 1808, excepting a strip twenty-four miles wide lying eastward from the western boundry [sic] of the State and extending from the Missouri River south into the territory of Arkansas. The eastern line of this strip was a few miles east of Fort Osage and in it lay nearly all of Jackson county.[3]

---

[1] *History of Jackson County, Missouri,* Indexed ed. (Cape Girardeau, MO: Ramfre Press, 1966), 66-67.

[2] *Ibid.*, 103.

[3] *Ibid.*, 101.

This remaining portion of land which would become the bulk of Jackson County, was confiscated in 1825, just two years prior to the county's formal birth, and "Indian removal" ensued. The prevalence of the immigrants' successes over their indigenous rivals is evidenced through their county's emblematic name: Jackson. In 1827 the location of the county seat was voted upon and the immediate community passionately named "Independence."[4] The freedom once inherent to the indigenous populations had become the possession of the penetrating white settlers. This removal hardly resolved the tensions that would continue to rise in ensuing years, though the settlers would eventually prevail. A prominent member of the community, J. C. McCoy, recounts the "Osage War" of 1836 in which an army of ninety-eight officers and 432 privates rose up against the Osage in response to the killing of several of some local settlers' hogs. McCoy remarks, "It is needless to tell you that the expedition was a success. Old Girand's squaws, papooses, and six other savages, if still living, have a sorrowful recollection that the way of the transgressor is hard."[5] The abundant natural springs of Independence were said of the Native Americans to serve medicinal purposes "for the cure of chills and fever,"[6] yet they drew upon them the plague of white settlers for which there was no cure.

Although water routes proved to be the best mode of transporting goods into Jackson County's newly settled communities, a port owner's successes were always subject to the mercies of the elements. The Missouri River and her corollary waterways swelled and heaved at will. Several major floods in the early- to mid-nineteenth century provided new trade opportunities for some at the detriment of others. As the mighty Missouri carved her own path through the bottoms, communities rose and fell in 1826, again in 1843 consequent of a quick thaw after a brutal winter, and once again in May of 1844 after unseasonably heavy rains.[7] While surrounding communities rose and fell, Independence continued to grow. Located far enough away from the shifting flood plains to remain unaffected by the sweeping waters, but close enough to provide intersection between all port goods and the influx of pioneers following the westward trails, Independence was a thriving community before today's Kansas City was even a

---

[4] *Ibid.*, 103.
[5] *Ibid.*, 135.
[6] *Ibid.*, 649.
[7] *Ibid.*, 405.

blip on the map. Independence, residing as a point of beginning and intersection between the Santa Fe, Oregon, and California trails, became the final civilized stop and point of entrance into the West.

The flood waters were not the only devastation brought to the people living along these water ways. The History of Jackson County, Missouri explains that with the California Gold Rush and Santa Fe Trade came the cholera epidemic that swept down the waterways through the settled communities, sporadically decimating the populations from 1849-1851. This caused many people to flee the cities.[8] As populations returned, they drifted to surrounding communities. Though Independence was elite among the beginning populations, Kansas City would eventually become a prime location for trade.

On today's corner of Spring and Maple streets in the historic downtown of Independence stands First United Methodist Church, the first Methodist church of Independence, Missouri. While sources generally agree that the first Methodist church of Independence was organized as a society in 1835, just seven years after the designation of the county seat, the date of this core group's earliest gatherings is unknown. In The First Methodists of Independence, MO by Chester Crenshaw, legend decrees that "these early members met in the brick courthouse built in 1831 on the Independence Square that was of such poor construction it was dismantled in 1836."[9] In 1838, two years after the courthouse's demolition, Crenshaw states that "The land for the first church building and on which the present church stands was purchased February 28, 1838 from Samuel C. and Frances Owens."[10] The cost for this segment of land was $150.[11]

We do know that Methodists were already in the area prior to 1835. James Porter, a local preacher and pioneer from Tennessee, made temporary living arrangements for his family in Independence in 1831[12] while he set out further to homestead on wooded acreage that would later become prime real estate in the heart of Kansas City, Missouri. Perhaps Porter, who later organized the first Methodist

---

[8] *Ibid.*, 410-413.

[9] Chester E. Crenshaw, *The First Methodists of Independence, MO* (Independence, MO: [The Author], 1985), 1.

[10] *Ibid.*, 1.

[11] *Ibid.*, 18.

[12] Howard L. Conard, ed. *Encyclopedia of the History of Missouri, a Compendium of History and Biography for Ready Reference* (New York: Haldeman, Conard & Co, 1901), 359.

societies in the towns of Westport and Kansas, had become acquainted with the Methodists of Independence. After becoming formally organized with the conference, both the Westport and Kansas churches were initially placed on a circuit with Independence. Since many of Independence's earliest leaders later moved to the towns of Westport and Kansas, a plausible argument could be made that Independence served as an initial springboard for Methodism throughout the Kansas City area.

The first society of Methodists in Independence was organized under the leadership of a circuit rider named William P. Hulse.[13] According to Crenshaw, Hulse was received on trial by the conference that same year, and Independence was placed on the Lexington circuit under R. H. Jordan with Hulse as the junior preacher.[14] Hulse was a single man at the ripe age of twenty-five years at this time. Although he was admitted on trial again in 1867,[15] due to his health he was unable to move beyond this status within the conference in his lifetime.

Hulse's great-great grandson, John Gooch, reports of the demands of circuit riding on the human body. Aside from the stringent diet and the physical demands of endless horseback riding, Methodist circuit riders endured the plethora of weather offered by Missouri seasons.[16] Between bitter winter blizzards, the boiling summer air, and the bone-chilling rains of spring and fall, Gooch reports that most circuit riders were "literally 'worn out' and broken in health" after only a few short years of service.[17] In The Methodist Church in Missouri: 1798-1939, Frank Tucker reports that nearly one in four preachers died within the first five years of ministry, and nearly half died by age thirty. Many never married, and of those who did marry, the cost for their wives was "infinitely more costly" their mortality rate being "shockingly high."[18] Hulse was not the only preacher with a short-lived tenure at the Methodist church in

---

[13] William P. Hulse is occasionally referred to as J. P. Hulse in varying records. For the purposes of this article, I will refer to Hulse as the former. Several reputable sources including W. S. Woodard, *Annals of Methodism in Missouri* (Columbia, MO: E. W. Stephens, 1893), and a published work by Hulse's great-great grandson, John O. Gooch, *Circuit Riders to Crusades* (Franklin, TN: Providence House Publishers, 2000), refer to Hulse as the former.

[14] Crenshaw, 57. Also see *History of Jackson County, Missouri*, 656.

[15] W. H. Lewis, *The History of Methodism in Missouri for a Decade of Years from 1860 to 1870, vol III* (Nashville, TN: Publishing House of the M. E. Church, South, 1890), 311.

[16] John O. Gooch, *Circuit Riders to Crusades: Essays in Missouri Methodist History* (Franklin, TN: Providence House Publishers, 2000), 10.

[17] *Ibid.*, 10.

[18] Frank C. Tucker, *The Methodist Church in Missouri: 1798-1939* (Nashville, TN: Parthenon Press, 1966), 23-24.

Independence. Crenshaw's long list of pastors reveals that the Independence church received newly appointed preachers every year until 1857, and that most pastors remained less than two years into the twentieth century.[19] Those one-year tenures are partly explained by the hazards of the frontier life. However, the most logical explanation is that the length of stay in any frontier appointment in those early days was one year. Bishops simply moved circuit riders every year or, at most, two years.

Hulse became ill with "rheumatism" early in life, and could not endure the endless days and nights of horseback riding as a circuit rider. However, it did not prevent him from living a long and full life in continued ministry. In the year following Hulse's organization of the Independence society, he moved to Warrensburg to take up farming. The following year in 1837, Hulse married a woman just two years younger than he named Sarah Strange. Strange gave birth to their first of seven children the ensuing year.[20] By the time his eldest was four-years-old, Hulse organized his second society, M'Kendree Chapel, in Johnson County, Missouri.[21]

Once organized, this church came under appointment, and Hulse's leadership was once again replaced by another circuit rider. However, Hulse found creative ways as a local preacher to remain faithful to his call to ministry within Methodist life. As Gooch explains of preachers like Hulse,

> Hulse's life is a reminder that all those itinerants who located did not give up their ministry. They served as pastors in local churches, provided leadership and preaching in the absence of the itinerants, and often made it possible for the community to have access to the sacraments, marriage, and Christian burial.[22]

The reality of that statement is a record of weddings performed by Wm. P. Hulse, compiled from county records by another of his descendants, Annette Hulse, a second cousin of John Gooch. In addition to farming, Hulse continued to serve the conference as a supply preacher for nearly half a century. Defying the statistics of life expectancy, especially for a Methodist preacher, Hulse's life finally succumbed to his illness at the age of seventy-four. The Annals of Methodism, report of Hulse's life and ministry, "During the last years of his life, he was scarcely ever free from pain. Rheumatism held him fast in her slavish

---

[19] Crenshaw, 56.
[20] *Ibid.*, 57.
[21] W. S. Woodard, *Annals of Methodism* (Columbia, MO: E. W. Stephens, 1893), 227.
[22] Gooch, 10-11.

chains. He died at his home in Johnson County, in 1884. He was a local preacher forty-nine years."[23]

Not every church had the luxury of a local preacher's leadership, especially after being formally organized and assigned to a circuit. For this reason, a church's success was heavily contingent on the faithfulness of its lay leadership. Often circuit riders could be gone for weeks at a time. In earlier Methodist life, preachers were primarily tasked to do just that: preach. The kinds of activities we commonly attribute to the role of the pastor today, such as visiting the sick and tending to the needs of the poor, were more successfully carried out by the laity. Such acts of piety were central to the activities of the class meetings. This system resulted in strong leadership and active participation of the laity in local ministry, not only to one another, but to the broader community. The intimacy of the class meetings and societies were like family, spilling a sense of camaraderie and communion into the communities in which they lived. Whether Methodists formed good leaders, or good leaders became Methodists, is uncertain. What is certain, is that although Methodism began as a common people's movement, Methodists soon came to be known as prominent members of the communities in which they lived.

The five couples who comprised the lay leadership of the first society of Methodists in Independence were no exception. This core group of men and women--Henry and Rebecca Ruby, John and Jane McMurry, Smallwood and Nancy Nolan, Jesse and Angeline Nolan,[24] and
Reuben and Mary Wallace, built more than the church; they helped build the city. The Rubys, McMurrys, and Nolans are listed among the earliest settlers of the area.[25] By 1828, just one year after Independence was designated the county seat, Smallwood Nolan and Jesse Nolan are listed among registered voters of the community.[26] John McMurry joined the Independence community in October of 1832, and Reuben Wallace the following year. Both men are mentioned in the minutes of a meeting of the Old Settlers of Jackson County in 1871.[27] An honorable sketch of the life of Smallwood

---

[23] Woodard, 116.

[24] While the last name of these two couples is spelled "Nolan" in this particular reference, both families are found in differing accounts under the spelling of "Noland."

[25] *History of Jackson County, Missouri*, 297.

[26] *Ibid.*, 107.

[27] *Ibid.*, *Missouri*, 131.

Nolan was also presented at the meeting. History of Jackson County, Missouri says that by "the fall of 1834, it was found that the town of Independence contained just 250 inhabitants."[28] These five men and their wives comprised approximately 4% of the population when the initial Methodist society organized in 1835.

An interesting incident is recorded about Smallwood Nolan during his leadership among the community. Along with nine other men and their horses, Nolan attended a hotly debated meeting in Liberty in 1834 over the expulsion of the Mormons from Jackson County in 1832.[29] The meeting turned violent at one point and a man was stabbed. Arrangements were being made between Jackson County residents and the Mormons for the Mormon lands to be purchased. This purchase served a two-fold purpose: to compensate the Mormons for their financial losses and to prevent them from returning. Jackson County representatives expressed concern for Mormon retaliation. Those representing Jackson County were assured by their Clay County neighbors and Mormon representatives that while Mormon's would not face the same harsh treatment in Clay County that they had received in Jackson County, every effort would be made to prevent retributive violence. Upon departure, these ten men and their horses boarded a ferry by way of Wayne City landing on the Missouri River to return home.

Sometime along the way the ferry, along with all its living cargo, sank. Three men drowned. Smallwood Nolan found himself in quite a predicament. Stranded in the water and clinging to a "sawyer' only a short distance from the shore," he cried out for help, but the dark night prevented his rescue. The History of Jackson County, Missouri recounts the rest of the story:

> The men who made the shore built a fire and encouraged Nolan to 'cling on' till they could rescue him. He did cling with the grip of death. When daylight came and the men went in to take him off his scanty support, they found that the water was only waist deep and he could have waded to the shore with ease if he had known it.[30]

While the Mormons were promptly blamed by some for this tragic accident, the more likely and more broadly accepted explanation was that the boat had given way to the waters due to an exceptionally heavy load. The Nolan family of this area was known and respected for their role in local and state politics.

---

[28] *Ibid.*, 105.
[29] *Ibid.*, 250.
[30] *Ibid.*, 262.

Under the leadership of Nolan and others, the first Methodist church building of Independence was constructed in 1840. Details allude to an elaborate structure. Crenshaw describes the carefully thought-out construction, with stoves for both the men's and women's sides and a balcony for the "colored members."[31] Unfortunately the Methodist Episcopal Church split over the issue of slavery in 1844. While the Independence church went with the South, the congregation felt the ripping effects of this division in a very personal way. The Ruby family, having been instrumental from its beginnings in the formation of this church, left to retain membership with the North.[32]

Tensions between the country's northern and southern states continued to escalate over the ensuing decade. Methodists who once worshiped together now found themselves on opposing sides of the American Civil War. Frank Tucker borrows from the words of the Duke of Windsor when he states, "A civil war is the worst of all wars. Its passions soar highest, its hatreds last longest. And a civil war is not less a war when it is fought with words and not in blood." Tucker goes on to say, "In Missouri the war was fought with both blood and words. Missouri suffered more than any other border state; knew more terror, more violence, more danger to life and property."[33]

The cities of Independence, West Port, and Kansas were ravished by the war, as confederate and union forces fought bitterly over the cities, trading power many times. The women and children were the ones who suffered most. As History of Jackson County accounts, "In fact it would have been a great blessing to the adherents of both parties living in the city limits, or those adjacent, if either one or the other of the contesting armies had gotten possession of the place and secured it during the whole civil war."[34]

The Methodist Episcopal Church, the Methodist Protestant Church, and the MEC, South, having already taken their positions on the slavery issue as evidenced in their divisions in the decades preceding the war, became an easy target for persecution on both sides. Preachers became targets for murder, and many fled for their lives. Two entire volumes entitled Martyrdom in Missouri, are dedicated to telling the stories of

---

[31] Crenshaw, 2.
[32] *Ibid.*, 44.
[33] Tucker, 149.
[34] *History of Jackson County, Missouri*, 288.

hundreds of Southern preachers who endured persecution during the American Civil War. The pastor of the Independence Methodist Episcopal Church, South at the time of these atrocities was the author, Rev. William M. Leftwich, a young lawyer turned pastor from Tennessee who was educated in Virginia and practiced law in Texas before arriving to Missouri. In The First Methodists of Independence, Missouri, Chester Crenshaw provides a glimpse into Leftwich's own brush with death, explaining that "While in Independence, he had to flee August 14, 1862, as northern troops re-entered the town. They had sworn to slay him since he was a southern Methodist minister."[35]

During a renovation project in 1960 in the Independence Methodist church, a secret tunnel was discovered nine feet below the church basement. Due to the nature of the tunnel, it is believed that the tunnel dated back to the Civil War.[36] Speculation suggests this might have been a hiding place or intended as a point of passage for ministers and their families during heightened periods of intense persecution. Most likely no one will ever know for sure.

In this paper I have sought to sketch a brief history of the first Methodist church of Independence, Missouri and its leaders within a broader context of the community it served. As is true across the country, Methodists were among the front-runners of settling communities across the West, bringing with them the Christian faith. Independence Methodists often found themselves divided amidst complex issues, such as relations with Native American peoples, slavery, and in dealings with persons of the Mormon faith. We keep these histories because Methodists have learned of the corporate power of sanctifying grace. Critical reflection on our past provides opportunity for repentance, ever-moving the Church toward an embodiment of justice and reconciliation even still today. [37]

---

[35] Crenshaw, 69.

[36] *Ibid.*, 22-23.

[37] *Circuit Riders to Crusades: Essays in Missouri Methodist History* by John O. Gooch is still available for purchase. $25, sent to the Missouri United Methodist Archives will get a book shipped. Copies will also be available at the 2011 Missouri Annual Conference in June.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Conard, Howard L, ed. Encyclopedia of the History of Missouri, a Compendium of History and Biography for Ready Reference. New York: Haldeman, Conard & Co, 1901.

Crenshaw, Chester E. The First Methodists of Independence, MO. First United Methodist Church, Independence: The Author, 1985.

Gooch, John O. Circuit Riders to Crusades: Essays in Missouri Methodist History. Franklin, TN: Providence House Publishers, 2000.

History of Jackson County, Missouri. Cape Girardeau: Ramfre Press, 1966. Original Publication: Kansas City: Union Historical Company, Birdsall, Williams & Co, 1881.

Lewis, W. H. The History of Methodism in Missouri for a Decade of Years from 1860 to 1870, vol III. Nashville, TN: Publishing House of the M. E. Church, South, 1890.

Tucker, Frank C. The Methodist Church in Missouri1798-1939: A Brief History. Nashville, TN: Parthenon Press, 1967.

Woodard, W. S. Annals of Methodism. Columbia, MO: E. W. Stephens, 1893.

Missouri Methodism Reaches The World

Bishop Ivan Lee Holt

(Editor's note: this article was an address to the Missouri East Annual Conference at the 1962 session, and is taken from the Conference Journal for that year.)

The First Trip

The convenience, ease and expense of travel make it possible today for thousands of Americans to know and see the world. But in 1876 he was a courageous man who determined on a trip around the world. At the close of his pastorate in St. Joseph, Missouri, Eugene R. Hendrix left with Bishop Enoch M. Marvin to visit the mission fields of the Far East and to see the world of older civilizations. It was on the night of October 18, 1876 that the two travelers left Kansas City. In that day the Pullman car was provided with a parlor organ and the passengers gathered around the organ in the evening to sing familiar songs.

It was on the morning of November 1 that the City of Alaska sailed on her voyage from San Francisco across the Pacific Ocean. The size of the boat greatly impressed her passengers, but it was small in comparison with a giant ocean liner today. She carried 750 persons, including passengers and crew, twelve beeves, fresh fruits and vegetables, and in her cargo 400 tons of flour and quantities of gin and quicksilver. It cost the ship $60,000 to make the trip from San Francisco to Hong Kong and back; there were 27 cabin passengers and 571 Chinese steerage passengers. It was the morning of November 30th, four weeks after sailing, that the shores of Japan were sighted. In his letter to America about his Japanese experiences Dr. Hendrix writes: "We were glad to obtain the following reliable statistics of missionary work in Japan up to October, 1876: Foreign missionaries, including 46 clerical, eight medical, and twenty-five educational number 79; native missionaries, thirty-three; stations, forty; average weekly attendance, four thousand; baptized converts, one thousand; schools, nineteen; scholars, five hundred and fifty-seven; students for the ministry, forty; Sabbath schools, ten; scholars, six hundred: a religious paper has one thousand one hundred copies in circulation." Ten days were spent in Japan and they were crowded with visits to native

marts, and gardens and shrines; with investigations of missionary enterprises and preaching in churches and chapels; with conferences of missionaries and native Christians.

The approach to China is thus described: "Early on the morning of December 14 we were moving across the mouth of the Yangtse, her waters for all the world like those of the Missouri, and coloring the sea for miles around with sediment of mud brought down from the valley through which the river cuts her way. . . we shortly turned up at the mouth of the Woosung River, and crossing the bar, were only twelve miles from Shanghai. The Chinese village of Woosung, best known as the terminus of the only railway in the empire – a little line of twelve miles – lay off to our right. All about us were Chinese men-of-war, junks and other boars, nearly all of which had large eyes painted on their prows to enable them to see."

A Christmas Conference was held by Bishop Marvin at Shanghai, preceded by a conference of the labourers of that city in Brother Lambuth's house. The question discussed was the encouragements and discouragements of missionary work. Some of the encouragements mentioned were: when some of those present came to China thirty years before there was a single convert and now there are twelve thousand; only one or two cities could then hear the gospel and now it is preached in a hundred walled cities, and five hundred villages; the schools have done well. The discouragements were: the slowness of the Chinese in understanding the drift of preaching, the harm done by foreigners from Christian nations who were not Christians, and the impatience of the church at home for large and speedy results.

There was a trip to Soochow and Hangchow, there were days in Hong Kong and Canton, and on January 18 the Bishop and his traveling companion left Hong Kong for Ceylon. Eleven days were spent in Ceylon and then the journey led to India. At Calcutta, Benares, Lucknow, Cawnpore, Delhi, Agra, Allahabad, and Bombay stops were made. The results of missionary work in India were given as follows: "Up to 1875 there had been raised up 311 ordained native preachers and 68,689 communicants of Christian Churches."

On March 12 a boat was taken for Suez. As the English steamer made its way though it was given to the British control in the East. "What a vast empire England has acquired in the East!...English customs are beginning to prevail in the Orient. . . . The English language promises to be the spoken language of the world. . . . Those little crowded islands on the coast of continental Europe have found a grand outlet in this distant part of the world, and now rule ten times more people than their own population. What the English do, for the most part, they do well. Perhaps to no other nation in the world could the Almighty have committed so important a trust with as little danger of abuse, or as little liability to widespread corruption."

Cairo proved as fascinating as it always proves to visitors, and the same feeling of awe came to the Methodists preachers which every Christian experiences as he approaches Palestine. "Early on the morning of April 1st, Easter Sunday, we were in sight of the Promised Land. The mountains of Judea greeted my eyes as before sunrise I came upon the deck to get a first view of that land consecrated by the footprints and labors of our Lord. Here the incarnate God had lived, and taught and died. . . . Even the sepulcher hewn in those solid rocks was not able to hold his lifeless form when the hour had come for him to loose the bonds of death and come forth in divine triumph and glory." On approaching Jerusalem by road from Joppa came further reflections: "Bishop Marvin and I preferred to walk, for we had just passed the traditional Emmaus, where Jesus, on the day of his resurrection, had walked with two of his disciples. We also felt his presence, and our hearts burned within us as we talked by the way."

A week was spent in and about Jerusalem. There was the usual disappointment in the Christian life of the city. "The past week has been celebrated by the Greek Church here as Easter week and many pilgrims for a distance have been present to witness the services. In the square in front of the Church of the Sepulchre was celebrated, on Thursday morning, the foot washing. Olivet was represented by an olive-tree fastened to the wall some fifteen feet from the Ground. The Greek patriarch, in his satin gown, ornamented with rich gold brocade, and wearing a jeweled miter, personated Christ; while twelve bishops, hardly less elegantly dressed, played the part of the apostles. . . . There appeared to be an entire absence of solemnity during these ceremonies. . . . On the following night the crucifixion took place, and at midnight on Saturday the

resurrection, neither of which I cared to witness – a wax figure representing the body of the Lord. I did see, however, what was only less revolting, the kindling of the holy fire in the tomb of Christ."

After a visit to the Dead Sea and the River Jordan the pilgrims went north to Nazareth and on to the Sea of Galilee. "Climbing the hills, we linger for another look at the historic lake which appears before us in all its dimensions. This, of all the localities in Palestine, Olivet alone excepted, is the most sacred to the Christians. How sacred these very names! But our hearts need not the tree-crowned mountain and the silent sea to help us to commune with Christ. An angel's voice calls from each, 'He is not here, He is risen', while the believer replies:

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He:
While faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

With stops at Damascus and Baalbec the journey continued to Beirut and then on to Europe by boat. Constantinople seemed to have the finest site of any city in the world. Athens stirred mind and soul with memories of Greek philosophers and Paul's sermon on Mars Hill; the bay of Naples impressed with its beauty; Pompeii brought amazement; in Rome was a cross-section of the centuries; Florence was the embodiment of culture and the center of art; Venice was picturesque; and the Alps inspiring. Such were the reactions of the travelers on their way to Switzerland and Germany. One after another of the beautiful places of Switzerland was seen; then the great cities of Germany, then the small countries of Holland Belgium; then Paris and London; then Scotland and Ireland. In London the preachers of the day were heard and there are these interesting comments: "One of the best sermons I heard in London was by Canon Farrar, in Westminster Abbey – logical, brave manly utterance. . . . I heard Mr. Spurgeon in his great Tabernacle before six thousand souls. The sermon was fresh, vigorous, faithful. . . . Dr. George Parker has large congregations; he is vigorous in the pulpit, but his mannerisms offend; his delivery is unhappily artificial and savors of the stage. . . . Dr. John Cumming, who once had the ear of all London, and addressed thousands in Exeter Hall, now preaches to a very small congregation in his enlarged church near Drury Lane."

On reaching City Road Chapel it was found that Dr. Punshon was preaching the annual sermon before the Lord Mayor and the high sheriffs. "The sermon was good, but gold lace and other insignia of office seemed to divide the eyes if not the minds of the people," is the comment. The Wesleyan Conference was meeting at Bristol and Bishop Marvin and Dr. Hendrix received a letter in London from the College of Bishops with the commission authorizing them to go as fraternal delegates. They were impressed by the character of British Methodism, and regarded these things as worthy of remembrance: 1) The appointments were worked out by the Stationing Committee in advance of the Conference Session and could be studied with a view of adjustment during the Conference; 2) The ministers were men of ability and sound scholarship, and the services of worship were dignified, the order of service of the Church of England often being used.

After visits to Scotland and Ireland the travelers embarked at Cork on the Britannic and reached New York Harbor on the night of August 17, taking seven days, ten hours and fifty-three minutes for the ocean crossing. The tour of the world had been made in ten months and three days and the story of the journey ends with these words: "After a survey of the whole filed the convictions strengthen – the world, vast as it is, is not too large a conquest to be made in the name of Christ." The volume descriptive of this journey had not yet come from the press when Bishop Enoch M. Marvin died in an "In Memoriam" chapter Dr. Hendrix writes: "It was the prospect of his genial company that led to me to take this tour around the world when I did. . . . His sudden death throws back upon our delightful tour its only shadow. . . . How sacred will always be every league of the journey when I remember that the companion with whom I measured it has passed to his reward."

The journey of Bishop Marvin and Dr. Hendrix made a great impression on the church. The purpose of the journey was a study of the advance of Christ's Kingdom, and it was the first time ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, ever went around the world on such a mission. It was not the last but only the longest journey of Eugene Russell Hendrix. To Mexico he went as the Bishop in charge of the work of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in 1893, 1912 and 1913. He was in Europe in 1900, and again in 1914. In 1895 he visited the Orient to study situations and the work of the

Methodist missionaries with a view to the opening of new stations. In 1899 he went to Brazil as Bishop in charge of the work. Each of these journeys was memorable in his life and in the history of his church.

What does travel do for a man? It educates him. It gives a knowledge of geography and history. There are those who insist that the geographical configuration of a country determines its history. There are undoubtedly other factors that enter into the development of a nation's life, but its shape and its mountains and its water-ways and its neighbors have much to do in the determination of its history. The conflict of Norway's mountains with the North Atlantic's stormy waves has produced a race that is not only sturdy in physique but strong in character. Palestine's location has made it a bridge across which the armies and caravans of Egypt, Babylonia and Assyria have moved; each of these civilizations has had its influence on Palestinian life and religion. Not only is the traveler educated in geography but in history as well. He can read histories of England for years, but historical figures come to life as he travels across the channel with William the Conqueror, lingers for a day at Canterbury, and stops for a week in London. I heard a man say that he learned more of English history in a day at the Tower of London than in his course in college. One knows from his reading that Florence is a city of culture, but he sees in a few days there enough to explain the love for that city in the heart of every student of art. Why has Florence been such a center of culture? The traveler learns that a conference was held in that city between a Pope of Rome and a Roman Emperor from Constantinople under the patronage of a Medici prince. The Pope was anxious to extend the influence of the Church of Rome, and the Emperor from Constantinople wanted assistance against the threatening Turks. In the train of the Eastern Emperor were clerks and attendants who were scholars versed in the classical lore of Greece and Rome. When the conference was over many of these scholars stayed in Florence to teach the classics to Florentine youth, and there came to Florence and to Europe the Renaissance. For the traveler the past is people with real persons, and history is more than a series of dates.

And travel multiplies friendships. A man is often made by the people he meets. Each year a group of American clergymen goes to Europe under a leadership that brings contacts with European leaders. The work of any such leader is better

understood when he himself discusses his objectives, and anyone who has met him in person is enlarged and changed. Even the casual traveler understands any land he visits if he is fortunate enough to find a friend in that land who will talk.

Furthermore, travel destroys prejudices. The most prejudiced person in the world is one who is born and dies in the same region, with no opportunity to get far away from home. The citizen of a foreign land is not like the caricature of him which is often drawn. The policy of another nation is often very different from the representation of it. The disrespectful names give to foreign citizens cannot be used when the civilization and culture of their native lands are known. Finally, travel makes a man a citizen of a larger world. Paul of Tarsus was a citizen of no mean city, and he is proud of the city of his birth; but Paul was not a real citizen of the Roman Empire until in his journeys he went far beyond the limits of Tarsus. Goethe used to long for that culture and that knowledge which would make him at home in any land, and the horizon enlarges for that man who finds it possible to get away from home. He who travels becomes a citizen of the world.

Travel exerted all these influences on the life of Eugene R. Hendrix. He had the best university and seminary education of any Methodist preacher in the south, but his travel added to the knowledge which he acquired in college. In almost every sermon or address he turned for an illustration to some land beyond the sea. His acquaintance and friendship with the great leaders of other countries enabled him to speak with authority as he quoted them. His success in securing interviews with those who shaped policies in Mexico, and Brazil and the Orient helped his church and its missionaries. But it did more than that! It made his church known in other lands as it had not been known.

Most of the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, have been leaders only in their own denomination and their own section. Few of them have been known in the North or East, but Eugene R. Hendrix was heartily welcomed and almost as well known in New York, Chicago or Syracuse as in Birmingham or Dallas. A bishop can go to a mission field and come home without any discovery of his presence on the part of the country's leaders. It was not so when Bishop Hendrix went! The leadership of any land he visited knew that a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, had been

in that land. It was all because he knew his way around and was at home in the lands he knew by travel.

He lived in a large world. He could see city and state and nation and world in proper perspective. He was loyal to his church and no leader ever supported the denominational program and interests more faithfully. But he never lost sight of the fact that the Christian Church is larger and of more value to the world than any unit of it. Above all, his loyalty of loyalties was a devotion to his Lord. His Lord must increase even if in that increase the church should decrease. He lived in God's world, and the world for him must be the world as God made it. Frederick F. Shannon has a lovely interpretation of truth when he says that in the Galilee of Jesus a bird was more than a bird, a flower was more than a flower, and rain was more than rain. A bird could not fall to the ground without the Father's notice, and flowers revealed the beauty and goodness of God, and rain fell on the just and unjust. So the world was God's world, and the church Christ's church for Eugene R. Hendrix. The exaltation of Christ was a favorite theme and the incarnation a continuous subject of study; so the church must be thought of as Christ's body, a spiritual agency for a spiritual ministry! He said once; "Methodism is the least part of the great religious movement of the 18th century under the Wesleys." We live in a world of neighbor states, and every individual must be a world citizen. It was not so before the World Wars, and the man who came to such citizenship made a place for himself by pushing back the horizons. When the horizon is pushed back for every one no one is recognized as a conspicuous leader who is not a citizen of the world and one wonders how the world could have seemed so large and lands beyond the seas so far away.

There was a time when distances were great and frontiers could not be passed, but Southern Methodism furnished in Eugene R. Hendrix one who pushed the sky back on either side. . . . Dr. Hendrix was accompanied by a Missouri bishop, Enoch M. Marvin. The bishop who made the later trips was alone on two trips and on the other his wife was with him.

In 1935 the other Missourian had been elected President of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, the first pastor ever elected to that office, and he had in mind three objectives on his trip. (1) Visiting the National Christian Councils of

Japan and China; (2) serving as guest preacher for three months at the American Church in Shanghai, China; and (3) delivering the Bevan Lectures at Parkin College in Adalaide, Australia. This trip was made before his election as bishop and took the travelers across the Pacific to the Hawaiian Islands, to Japan, China, Indonesia, the Philippines, Australia and New Zealand. In Australia there was a message to the Centennial General Conferences of Australian Methodism meeting in Melbourne as the fraternal messenger from the United States, and during the three months in China and Japan, there were visits from Pekin on the north to Canton on the south, along the coast, and back in the interior to Soochow, Hangchow, Changchow, and Nanking, as there were chances to see all the principal cities and resorts of Japan. Since the visitor was then head of American Protestantism there was an opportunity to become acquainted with the missionaries of many denominations in addition to Methodists. It was in the period between the first attack of the Japanese on Shanghai in 1932 and the opening of the Second World War in the Far East by the striking of the Japanese on the China Coast in 1937.

With a special message from the Executive Committee of the Federal Council of Churches about the American Naval Maneuvers in the Western Pacific there were calls on some members of the Cabinet in the Imperial Government of Japan. It was the only opportunity to travel over China because the Second World War was to bring the Communists into power before the next world tour was taken.

The Second World Trip was made in the winter of 1952-53, and its ultimate objective was the meeting of the Central Committee of the World Council of Churches in Lucknow, India. That trip was made by air, and the route was London, Madrid, Rome, Athens, Damascus, Beirut, Jerusalem and Palestine, Arabia, Pakistan, India, Thailand, Burma, Malay, Hong Kong, Japan, the Philippines, the Hawaiian Islands, and back over the Pacific.

The travel and religious experiences of that journey left many deep impressions. Among these was the Great Fog of four days in London, the worst fog that city has ever known. A memorable part of the trip was a visit to the sacred places of the Holy Land, especially those associated with the ministry of our Lord. There was an opportunity to see in the World Council meeting in Lucknow the leaders of the Protestant Churches of the World, and to know the President of India and Mr. Nehru. Since the Central

Conference of the Methodist Church in India met in the lovely city of Bangalore in South India just after the close of the World Council meeting in Lucknow. We flew from north to south and from Bombay in the West to Calcutta in the East, seeing churches, hospitals, schools, and noting the great progress of Christian Missions since Bishop Hendrix had been there 80 years before.

Never can I forget preaching at our largest Methodist Church in New Delhi on Christmas Sunday morning (the only Christmas I ever spent away from home), and speaking to the largest congregation I ever faced on Christmas Day. By this time the Indian Methodists in the American Methodist Church numbered six hundred thousand, and there was about the same membership in the British Methodist Church. In Burma and Rangoon there came a realization of the revival in Buddhism. We were driving in the late afternoon toward the city from the East. The rays of the setting sun ahead of us were falling on the golden dome of the great Buddhist Temple, Schwee Dagon, and that dome had as bright a glow as the sun. Then suddenly a black could of smoke rolled up from the city to blot out the sun and the shining dome. When we reached the city we stood on the balcony of the Methodist Girls' School to watch the destruction of the homes of ten thousand Burmese who had been brought into the city to protect them from Communist marauders through the country. The habitations of these people were constructed of straw and burned quickly. As I stood with the missionaries on the balcony, lamenting the stark tragedy of the fire, one of the missionaries called our attention to the glow of the dome of the Buddhist Temple as it shone in the glare of the fire. His comment was, "In the face of the Communist threat to this part of the world the golden dome of the temple emphasizes the role of religion." The Prime Minister of Burma said a few days before, "We have no army to fight the Communists, but our hope for the future lies in the devotion of our people to their Buddhist religion."

In Malay we went from Penang on the north to Singapore on the south, stopping to visit Methodist churches and schools in every large town on the peninsula. Our senior missionary in the capital, Kuala Lumpur had been asked by the Governor General to provide religious services in all the stockade villages he had built to protect the people from Communists who roamed the country side at night. The Deputy Governor asked me in a visit I had with him, "Can the American Methodist Church staff

a Teacher's College if the Government erects the buildings? The only two churches in Malaya strong enough to staff such a college are the Roman Catholic Church, and the American Methodist." It is one of the interesting situations in our missionary program in Southeast Asia that our American Church is so strong in Malaya, especially among the Chinese, when Malaya was for years a British Crown Colony.

In Hongkong we found the city crowded with refugees. Bishop and Mrs. Ralph Ward were living there, having come down from the mainland after the Communist domination there. Bishop Ward said to me, "The Roman Catholic and the Baptist Churches have built Friendship Centers to house the refugees. I have appealed to our Board of Missions to do the same thing, but in vain. Will you join me in a special cable to our Board? They will then see that a visitor senses the situation and my appeal is not due simply to my emotional interest." We sent the cable and the Board of Missions sent a message indicating that the money would be available for a Methodist Friendship Center. Bishop Ward, until his death, continued to give me credit for that program. One important thing I did do. Hongkong was a British colony and the British Methodist Church had two strong churches there. Bishop Ward felt that American Methodist should provide a church for Methodist refugees from the mainland, who had lived in our mission territory. As President of the World Methodist Council I called the leaders of the British Methodist Church to meet with Bishop Ward and a few American Methodists in Hongkong. Out of that meeting came a complete understanding and a welcome to the American Methodists.

In Japan there were many visits to former Methodist Churches which had gone into the organization of the United Church of Japan. Contact was made with the University which had been established and built in Tokyo, as a joint enterprise of American Protestantism, and as some atonement for the attack on Hiroshima. The Emperor was no longer regarded as a god in post-war Japan, and the Shinto religious movement was weakened by the withdrawal of this state support. The University seemed to promise a new opportunity for Christianity in Japan. The return home left us with reflections on the activity of Christianity around the world, but also with the increasing threat of Communism, and with the revival of enthusiasm in the non-Christian religions.

The third world tour carried this Missourian to Lucknow and a great Methodist meeting there celebrating 100 years of American Methodist history in India. The four bishops of the Methodist Church in India, and three other Methodist bishops, two from the United States and one from Malaya, were entertained at Government House by the Hindu Governor of the State. It was the season of a great Hindu feast, very similar to our Christmas and the city (as well as the grounds of Government House) was brilliantly lighted. In a large tent erected for the meeting I saw a crowd of 5,000 people morning, afternoon and night. I gave the opening address as President of the World Methodist Council, and one afternoon I saw the Roman Catholic Bishop of Lucknow, and two of his clergy, come to this Methodist Conference, and take seats on the platform with the Methodist Bishops. I have never seen that anywhere else in the world, and it was due to an increasing pressure of the Government by resurgent Hinduism to prevent the entrance of any other Christian missionaries, Catholic or Protestant.

This trip gave me a long stay in Korea. With no other religion exercising any great influence in Korea, Christianity had the opportunity to become the national religion. Because of the special offering for Korea in American Methodist Churches four hundred new Methodist Churches were either in process of erection or planned. Ewah University, under the Woman's Society of Christian Service, had four thousand students, and had become the largest girl's college in the world.

In Taiwan I was a special guest of the Government at their House of Hospitality, and I participated in conferences looking to the building of Soochow University on a beautiful hillside outside the city of Taipei. There were many former graduates of Soochow University in Taiwan. Bishop Ward had brought missionaries to Taiwan and Methodists had built their first church in Taipei. The Generalissimo and his wife were away but they left messages and plans for my entertainment.

On the way home there were associations with the Methodists of Hawaii, where in the year before I had taken part in the seventy-fifth anniversary of the establishment of Methodism and visited all our Methodist churches on the island of Oahu. There was an invitation to preach in Central Union Church. This Congregational Church is the strongest Protestant Church in South Pacific, to New Zealand and Australia, and on to New Delhi, India, for the Third Assembly of the World Council of Churches. I flew

from San Francisco to Honolulu, from Honolulu to Tahiti, from Tahiti to Fiji, from Fiji to Tonga, and then spent a month in New Zealand and Australia, my third trip to these lands. In Tonga the Queen and seventy per cent of her people are Methodists and in the Fiji Islands eighty-five per cent of the Fiji Islanders are members of the Methodist Church. This is the densest Methodist population in the world. Both groups of islands were evangelized by Australian Methodists, and on this last visit to Australia, I spoke several times at the Methodist Conference of New South Wales in Sydney, and gave the address at the dedication of a magnificent home for old people built by one of the parishes in Sydney. As in New Zealand there were many contacts with political and religious leaders. There was a lunch in Wellington by the Presbyterian Deputy Prime Minister of New Zealand, and in Sydney a reception at the City Hall by the Roman Catholic Lord Mayor of Sydney. The Anglican Church is the strongest in New Zealand, then the Presbyterian, and then the Methodist, but Methodism is more influential than its numbers would indicate. In Australia the Methodist Church has four hundred thousand communicant members, but at the last religious census nine hundred thousand people said they were Methodists, about one in ten, the Methodist constituency being more than twice the membership.

In 1928 there was a Mediterranean cruise, which gave me a full tour of Palestine, and a chance to see Egypt from Cairo and Alexandria to the impressive ruins of the temples in Upper Egypt, at Karnak and Luxor. In 1959 there was a cruise in the Aegean Sea, visiting Crete and the monuments of the Minoan civilization, Rhodes and the residences of the leaders of the Crusades, Patmos, and the prison cell of the author of the Book of Revelation.

In the past decade there have been several visits to the Methodists of the British West Indies. In Nassau of the Bahamas I have dedicated a new British Methodist Church and ordained a British Methodist minister, who is now a member of the new Methodist Conference in Ghana. In Puerto Rico I have assisted in the dedication of the University Methodist Church in San Juan. In Jamaica I have preached in Kingston with the Governor reading the lesson in the service. In Bermuda I have been with the Methodists, who are affiliated with the United Church of Canada. In Antigua I have attended a meeting of the Caribbean Methodist Council in 1954 and in 1960 I have

participated in the two hundredth anniversary of the establishment of Methodism in the Western World on the Island of Antigua. Nathaniel Gilbert, a sugar planter, who was converted at one of John Wesley's meetings on a business visit to England, established the first Methodist Society in the Western World on his return to his home. About the same time a ship's carpenter at the part established a Methodist Society, and Methodism began its history in the West in the home of a rich sugar planter and in the cottage of a laboring man, a prophecy of the course of a religious movement that was to reach a cross section of human society.

In the closing months of 1957 there was a visit to the Methodist Church of the Union of South Africa, and to the American Methodist Mission Stations in Rhodesia. This journey took us from the picturesque Victoria Falls on the Zambezi River in central Africa to the Cape of Good Hope at the southern tip of the continent. In addition to attending the Annual Conference we covered all the districts of the Conference in speaking engagements, reaching a wider area than any person who ever visited that church. This is the strongest Methodism in Africa, with five hundred thousand black members and fifty thousand white members, a great multi-racial church. While in South Africa I promoted a conference that brought together British Methodist leaders, American Methodist missionaries, officers of the South African Methodist Church and the Free Methodist Church, of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, and the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church. It was the first such conference ever held in Africa, to consider a joint Methodist approach to the non-Christian community,

While I was bishop in Dallas (1938-1944) I was asked to serve as the contact or visiting bishop among the Methodist of Latin America. I went to Mexico several times a year, until I knew the Mexican Methodist preachers as well as I knew my preachers in Texas.

On coming to Missouri as bishop in 1944 I continued my interest in Mexico and we raised in the territory of the Missouri Conference one hundred thousand dollars for buildings for the Union Theological Seminary in Mexico City. I organized the Union Church in Monterey among the English-speaking people of the city, and afterwards dedicated the new church they built.

To Central America and our work in Costa Rica and Panama I went often, and there have been three long journeys to South America which have taken me to all our Methodist work on that Continent and to every country in South America except Paraguay. Among the memorable experiences are (1) preaching at the Victory Service in the Methodist Church in Buenos Aires at the close of the Second World War; (2) a conference of business leaders in Cochebamba, Bolivia, which led to a successful effort in raising two hundred thousand dollars in the United States for a new building in Cochebamba ;(3) a visit with the pastor of Highland Park Methodist Church in Dallas to Porto Alegre, Brazil, which led to a gift of $25,000 from the Dallas Church to the School for Boys in Porto Alegre; (4) securing fifty thousand dollars for the Methodist Seminary in Sao Paulo, Brazil; (5) the raising of thousands of dollars in Missouri for churches in South America; (6) seeing all our Methodist Schools and many of our churches in Brazil and in Spanish-speaking South America; (7) a visit to Cuzco, the most historic town in South America, and to Machu Pichu, where the Incas had the capital of their empire before the Spanish came.

These many visits have taken me across the Atlantic fifty-four times, across the Pacific ten times, and on journeys that will total half a million miles, a longer journey than the travels of John Wesley and Francis Asbury and Eugene R. Hendrix combined. I am the only person in Methodist history to have visited all the Methodist churches of the world.

It has been my privilege to serve nine years as President of the World Methodist Council, and to attend six of the ten World Conferences, six years as a Member of the Central Committee of the World Council of Churches, two years as President of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, ten years as President of the Conference on Church Union, ten years as Chairman of the Washington Cathedral Consultations on Church Union, ten years as Chairman of the Commission for American Churches Overseas of the National Council of Churches, twelve years as Chairman of the Methodist Commission on Church Union, ten years on the Executive Committee of the Conference on Religion and International Affairs. For a generation I have attended every inter-denominational world meeting where it has been held in the world.

In the decade I served as Chairman of the National Council's Commission on American Churches Overseas we had 56 Union Churches and I have preached in 30 of them. I have served as guest preacher at Eaton Memorial Methodist Church in Toronto, at Schott's Presbyterian Church in Melbourne, Australia, the American Church in Shanghai, the American Church in Paris, and the Anglican Cathedral in Portsmouth, England. But no world contact has brought me such fellowship as conducting the Service of Holy Communion for the Second Assembly of the World Council of Churches at the First Methodist Church in Evanston. No experiences have brought me closer to the heart of world Methodism than (1) preaching in the mother church of Irish Methodism, Donegal Square Church in Belfast, with the chancel window showing Philip Embury, Barbara Heck and Robert Strawbridge, who came from Ireland to lay the foundations of American Methodism; (2) dedicating in Wesley's City Road Chapel the tablet recording the gift of $30,000 from American Methodism after the damage of the Second World War; (3) speaking at the dedication of the beautiful Memorial Gates at the New Room in Bristol; and (4) preaching the dedicatory sermon in Samuel Wesley's Epworth Parish Church when Epworth Rectory became an international Methodist Shrine, with the Bishop of Lincoln present in the first joint service of Anglicans and Methodists in Epworth Parish Church, to introduce me. One of his predecessors had refused John Wesley the privilege of preaching in his father's pulpit.

Preaching in all the States of the Union but three, and visiting for services almost all the parishes of the two Episcopal areas I have served, I have been able, as has often been remarked, to "bring the world back home".

How large is our World Methodist family? Our usual answer is "twenty-two million members we have in our Methodist churches." However that is communicant membership. Most denominations count their constituency instead of their communicants in estimating their strength. If we multiply our communicant membership by 2 ¼ we have a constituency of about 30,000,000 in the United States and fifty million in the world. There are 110 countries in the world and I have been in 86 of them. In the countries where we have Methodists those Methodists belong to one of the great Protestant bodies of the world. The Anglicans estimate their constituency at fifty million, and the Lutheran bodies give fifty million as their strength. So we are one of the

three great families of the Protestant World – we Methodists. And every Methodist, feeling it more important to be a Christian than to be a Methodist, seeks the larger Church of our Lord Jesus Christ, to which his Methodist Church, in his hopes and prayers, will make a significant contribution.

In Wesley's England

John O. Gooch

In the summer of 1997 my wife Beth and I set out for three weeks in England, on our way, with me acting as the tour guide! Among the places we particularly wanted to see were historic sites associated with the life and ministry of John Wesley. So, our first afternoon in London, still half-asleep from jet lag, we went to Old Marylbone Parish Church. This was the church in which Samuel and Susanna Wesley were married, and where Charles Wesley and his family are buried. While we were there, a young man asked us for directions. I ask you! We've been in London 7 hours, almost half of it spent in the airport or on trains, and I look like I know what I'm doing?

Our second day we were in Westminster Abbey, looking for the plaque that honors John and Charles Wesley. It turned out to be in an area that was closed off, but I said I was a Methodist preacher from America, and the guard let us in. When we came back he said, "you didn't take a picture." My reply was, "I didn't think we could take pictures without permission." The guard told us we had permission. I've spent years on vacations not telling people I was a preacher so they wouldn't call on me to preach or something, and now I'm flaunting it! Paid off, too!

The third day we spent the afternoon at Wesley's Chapel (aka City Road Church). Again, I told them I was a Methodist preacher since I wanted to get to stand in the pulpit. Alas, this time it didn't work, but it did get us a personal tour from one of the volunteers. Beatrice Cannon was an older woman who obviously loved her church and she was delighted to have an audience who were as excited about it as she was. Did you know (well, really, how could you know?) that the pillars that held up the balcony had been masts on ships of the Royal Navy? When they needed to be replaced, George II gave them to Wesley in gratitude for the power of the revival. When those pillars were replaced in the 1890s, six of them were put in non-load-bearing spots and covered with boards and plaster. Ms Cannon opened the base of one of them and we could reach in and touch the wood that was Royal Navy and then that heard Wesley preach. The pews in the church are over 100 years old, and have little boards on the aisle that slide out and fold open to make an extra seat. There were also hooks on the backs of the pews for the top hats of the gentlemen.

The communion rail and the pulpit are the originals installed by John and Charles Wesley. It was from this pulpit that Charles (who was more of an orator than John) knocked the Bible off onto Thomas Coke's head.

During World War II, there were fire wardens stationed permanently at Wesley Chapel and at St. Paul's Cathedral, because of their significance. One night, the bombing in the area was so severe and the fires so intense, that the wardens fled for their lives. At this point in the story, Ms. Cannon sat up straighter, her eyes flashed, and she pointed a long finger at us. "I know and you know," she said, "that it was the breath of God, but the winds changed and blew the fires away and the chapel and St. Paul's were saved." I still get goose-bumps remembering her voice.

Wesley's house was right next door. He didn't really spend his entire life on horseback. Part of the time he was in London for extended periods. Just across the street was a field where Wesley often preached to miners. Now it is a cemetery and Susanna Wesley is buried there. We also saw All Hallows Church – on the site where John first preached extempore.

Our last stops on our Wesley pilgrimage in London were St. Paul's Cathedral, where John attended services on the morning of May 24, 1738. From there we finally found the monument marking the site of that meeting in Aldersgate Street. The area is now shops, and the marker is on the second floor walkway, hard to see from the street.

Two days later we were worshipping in the Methodist Church in Epworth, where John and Charles were born and raised. The speaker was the equivalent of our District UMW President. After the services they served tea and we had good conversations. In the afternoon we went to the Old Rectory, and the fact that I was a Methodist preacher again got us a private tour. (Shameful trading on my status, but there you are.) Here was where Susannah taught her children both letter and the faith – and held services and Bible studies for the congregation while Samuel was away in London. This is also the site of the famous fire, when John was rescued "like a brand plucked from the burning." Then to St. Andrews Parish Church, where Samuel Wesley was Rector for 39 years, and John his assistant for two. The church itself is about 900 years old. From the Wesleys, there is a chair given by Susannah, a chalice from which

they would have taken the sacrament, and a huge stone font in which the children were baptized. It was big enough so that babies could have been immersed, which was apparently the practice in the 18th century.

The only authentic Wesleyan "pulpit" on which I've stood was the Market Cross in Epworth and Samuel Wesley's grave. The latter is where John preached after the Bishop refused to allow him to preach in the parish church. It is a large stone box above ground, and I had to climb up on it to "preach".

Our final brush with the Wesleys was in Bristol, the port from which Coke sailed to America, and the site of the "New Room," a church John built to accommodate his converts. Earlier he had preached to the miners in the fields outside Bristol. We were staying in Bath, so we took the train over to Bristol early on Sunday morning, and rushed through the streets to make it to the New Room in time for morning worship. Alas, the New Room is now a museum, not a church. Worse than that, it is closed on Sundays! So we were good sports and saluted the statue of John on horseback in the courtyard and finished up a wonderful tour of England.